

# Zion's Herald.

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# Zion's Herald.

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Rev Dr Durbin  
60 Broadway  
New York

## 1630—BOSTON—1880.

The following poem was read at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Boston in the Old South Church, by Mayor Prince; author unknown.

God save our city loved,  
The Pilgrims' refuge proved  
In darkest hour.  
Home of our fathers' choice,  
Home where Religion's voice  
Still called them to rejoice  
Unchecked by power.  
Home of a simpler creed,  
Home in our fathers' need,  
Holy and pure.  
Free now from bigot's rule,  
Ne'er let a tyrant's school,  
From truth allure.  
God help our sons to bear  
Onward the work and prayer  
Of those who sleep.  
God help our daughters here  
In reverent love and fear  
The future race to rear.  
His laws to keep.  
So shall the land we prize,  
Up to true glory rise  
In goodness great;  
So shall all nations come  
To make our land their home,  
No more o'er earth to roam;  
God save the State!

## PATRICK HENRY'S SISTER.

BY REV. L. R. DUNN, D. D.

Everything and every one related to the person or the life of America's greatest orator, is of real interest to every American citizen. His name is familiar as a household word to every lover of the liberties of his country, and to all acquainted with our colonial or revolutionary history. Unpromising as were the first twenty-seven years of his life, the subsequent thirty-six years were full of the most important events. In one hour, while arguing the "Parsons' Cause," he rose to the first rank among the Virginia orators of the time. So great, indeed, was the enthusiasm of the people, whose cause he had pleaded, that they literally carried him upon their shoulders.

It was subsequently, in the House of Burgesses, that he presented his famous resolutions on the right of the mother country to tax the Colonies, which he had written upon the fly-leaf of an old law book. These resolutions met with a storm of opposition at the time, and in the debate which followed, he uttered the words so familiar now, "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—The cry at once arose, all over the house, 'Treason! Treason!' He simply paused until the noise had somewhat subsided, and then added—"may profit by their example." It was in this debate that he gained the reputation not only of being the greatest orator, but the greatest political thinker, of his State.

In the year 1775, the second convention met in Richmond. Here it was that he uttered the memorable words, "There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

It has not been so well or so widely known, that he was in his later years a deeply pious man. When but a lad, he had listened to the wonderful eloquence of President Davies of Princeton College, and this had influenced his whole character and career through life. His reading during these later years was chiefly confined to the Bible. He was temperate, frugal, rarely drinking anything but water. When he was Governor of Virginia, he printed and circulated, at his own expense, Soame Jenyns' "View of Christianity" and Butler's "Analogy." He read Sherlock's sermons every Sunday evening to his family, after which all joined in sacred music, which he accompanied with the violin.

It is said, also, that in his last will and testament he used the following words, which I quote from memory: "I have now bequeathed to my family and friends all my earthly goods. There is one thing which I wish that I could give them, and that is, the religion of Jesus Christ. If they have that, they would be rich if I had not left them a shilling; if they have it not, they would be poor, if I had left them all the world."

Noble patriot! Inimitable orator!

Devoted Christian! Would that all our public men more fully copied his example of devout piety, if they may not possess his statesmanship or his oratory! Perhaps no man in the history of our Methodism ever approached so nearly his eloquence and oratory as the late Dr. Durbin. In the history of American politics, and in the history of the American pulpit, each stands unrivaled and peerless in his peculiar style of oratory.

But I did not intend to write so much as this of this wonderful man. It was of his sister that I purposed principally to write, when I took my pen in hand. She married General Russell, after the death of her first husband, General Campbell, and lived with her family in Tennessee, at the salt-works, on the North Fork of the Holston. One of the sessions of the Conference, and the first held beyond the Alleghenies, was held at Half Acres, Tenn., in May, 1788. This Conference was visited by General Russell and his wife. On the Sabbath of the Conference, a great crowd was present, and Tunnell preached in power. The sermon, according to the old Methodist style, was followed by several exhortations. When the meeting closed, Mrs. Russell came to Bishop Asbury and said, "I thought I was a Christian; but, sir, I am not a Christian. I am the veriest sinner upon earth. I want you and Mr. Martin to come with Mr. Tunnell to our house and pray for us, and tell us what we must do to be saved." "So we went," wrote the good Bishop, "and spent much of the afternoon in prayer, especially for Mrs. Russell." But still she did not obtain comfort, and the exhausted ministers retired into a grove, near at hand, for meditation, prayer and rest. On returning to the house, they found Mrs. Russell praising the Lord, and the General walking the floor and weeping bitterly. The faithful men of God were deeply moved by this sight, as they gazed upon the old soldier and statesman, the proud opposer of godliness, trembling and earnestly inquiring what he must do to be saved. They were both truly converted, and their conversion was the means of the salvation of a large number during the Conference. Their home was long an asylum for the weary itinerants, and, especially, for Bishop Asbury. The General became an official member of the church, and adorned "the doctrine of God our Saviour all the days of his life." His wife was one of the elect ladies of our early Methodism. She survived her husband a number of years, and her home continued to be the resting-place of the itinerants as they journeyed through that section of country. Bishop Asbury thus wrote of the General in his diary: "I am very solemn. I feel the want of the dear man who, I trust, is now in Abraham's bosom, and hope ere long to see him there. He was a general officer in the Continental army, where he underwent great fatigue; he was powerfully brought to God, and for a few years, was a living flame and a blessing to his neighborhood. He went in the dead of winter on a visit to his friends, was seized with an influenza, and ended his life from home. Oh, that the Gospel may continue in this house!"

Mrs. Russell, like most of the Methodist women of that day, exalted and prayed in public. She was eloquent, like her brother, and a woman of exemplary piety. Her home has a light-house shining afar among the Alleghenies. The daughter of General Russell married a Methodist preacher by the name of Hubbard Saunders. Mrs. Russell's daughter, by her first husband (General Campbell), Sarah Campbell, was among the first-fruits of Methodism in the West. She married, and became the mother of one of South Carolina's most gifted sons—the Hon. William Preston—whose eloquence was often heard in the Senate Chamber at Washington.

I have gathered these few facts of interest to every American and every Methodist from Stevens' "History of Methodism," American Cyclopaedia, Wakeley's "Heroes," Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry," etc., and I trust they will be read, not only with interest, but also with profit, by your many readers.

## IN THE WOODS.

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON, D. D.

"Oh, that I had been nourished in the woods!"

We were left on the piazza of the Lake House in Greenville, in our last. But let no reader imagine us in the woods, but in a quiet little village of some hundreds of inhabitants, with two hotels, a post-office, a commodious house of worship with a bell and settled minister, all of the Orthodox order, and three variety stores where will be found everything in the agricultural line from a hoe to a mowing-machine; in the piscatorial line from a fish-hook to a forty-dollar bamboo fly-rod; gents' and ladies' furnishing goods, patent medicines, rat-traps, straw hats and ready-made clothing, cow-bells and corn-cob pipes, moccasins, snow-shoes and birch-canoes, salt pork, codfish and molasses. An old steam mill for cutting lumber is just in front of our hotel, and so decayed that a smart wind would lay it low. A new and beautiful mill is just going into operation on a point opposite, and all are looking anxiously for the extension of the railroad from Blanchard to this point; but they will die without the sight, as if the Canadians who have purchased the Piscataquis road should complete it, they will run it west of Squaw Mountain, some six miles distant from this village.

But avant railroads and the conventionalities of fashionable life! Let us get into the woods.

The reader is not to suppose that when landed at Greenville one is in the woods, but in an open, cultivated region, with fine farms, cozy cottages, and a busy population, all of which we long to leave. Inquiring at the hotel office for intelligence of the company, Cooper and Smith, I am told that the last heard of them they were at the "outlet" fifteen miles distant, and that they would be down in the morning boat. Eight o'clock found me in a sound sleep, which blessed state continued until six the next morning.

The boat from Kineo brought the two fishermen, and we set about preparing for our expedition to our old camping-ground. "Rain to-day," is a remark heard from one and another of the dozen guides sitting about on the piazza of the hotel. Surely it looks like it; and by the time the horses were at the door, it began to fall gently, for which every one seemed grateful. "But I cannot go in the rain," I said, "for that was the condition on which I was permitted to come." And so I decided to send a man to help them through and put up my tent, while I would go on the next day, if fair.

A long hay wagon is brought to the door; our boat is mounted upon it, then bags, tents, valises, guns, rods and boxes piled in, and Uncle Ivory takes the reins of his spirited ponies, impatient to be gone, and is off on a run. As he thunders by the store, there is a shout from within, which is at once taken up by the crowd about the door, with clapping of hands, and shouts of "Go it!" "Let 'em out!" all of which the driver, a dear lover of good horse flesh, took for cheers for his speed, when the fact was, the seller of groceries was shouting to him to take our box of supplies. Never mind, the next team which takes the passengers can carry it along. Two miles of a smooth but very hilly road brings the voyagers to "Cumings" on the brow of the slope down to the margin of the first lake. Here Mr. Grinnell, of New York, has erected a cottage with a tower commanding an extensive view of mountains, woods and waters, and here his family spend the summer.

From "Cumings'" down to the lake is three-fourths of a mile through the woods. The custom is to transfer the load to Peter Ronco's indescribable sled, and one horse drags it down. But it is now raining hard, and Mr. Littlefield decides to try the wagon, and with great care succeeds. Now all is transferred to the boat, and a row of two and a half miles brings us to the outlet of the upper pond up which stream, over three sharp rapids, the boat must be forced. The venerable oldest inhabitant never saw the water so low as at this time. "I despaired several

times of getting through," said C.; "and I wouldn't undertake it again if one would give me the boat." Reaching the upper lake, a pull of a mile and a half brings us to the old familiar spot on the western shore. Levi, my hired man, had taken my baggage across the carry, and when the boys arrived, had my tent pitched all right.

Thursday morning broke bright and beautiful, and Levi appeared at the hotel. "All right, sir," was his first salutation. "I got your tent up and was preparing your bed when Messrs. C. and S. came, and I had to move it to another place, but it's all right. But everything is soaking wet. My clothes are still wet through." Off we start, and after a tramp over the two carries, we glide into the quiet cove, and are saluted with a solo on the Yankee horn, on which Mr. S. is a skillful performer.

"Well," says the cool, philosophical reader, "it strikes me that it is paying a very large price for an exceedingly small whistle." But, my learned friend, you entirely misapprehend the true philosophy of the matter. It is rather disposing of a very small whistle at an enormous profit. The pleasure of such a trip is not found alone at the terminus, but is extracted from every step and stage of one's journey. Like Bunyan's pilgrimage, matter for rejoicing is found all along, and especially at the hotels.

One listens to the stories of one's guide, not believing one word in ten; yet how can one help sharing the pleasure of the poor fellow who fancies you swallowing it all with a gulp. So reaching our final resting-place, here in the grand old woods, every step has been a study for the aesthetic mind and food for future reflection. Even the fretting and twinges of the "poor man's plaster," which C. may have to wear after lifting that boat over the falls, will be a delight, so to speak. Levi has brought a boat-load of spruce and cedar boughs for my bed, "all wet, sir," he says, but so is the tent and ground; but we fear no colds or catarrhs in the woods; and so we commence life for a season. To a stranger it may seem monotonous and too level to be attractive; but that is just what we crave—a sort of poetic humdrum, a long stretch of level life, with no up and down hill, and not a corner to turn, simply the one part of speech, the passive verb, without a comma, or that old, mysterious "exclamation point," a mark of wonder, or surprise, as, "Oh, the folly of sinners!" We yield ourselves to our own sweet will, without rules or conventional restraints, and stretch ourselves out for a grand repose. With each of us a good-sized tent, and so remote from each other that any nasal sounds which might be created by midnight urinating will not be heard, we can find nothing of which to complain. We retire when it is dark, and rise by daylight, not candle.

The history of one day is a fair specimen of all the days, Sunday excepted. About 6 A. M., if one is not too soundly sleeping, may be heard the axe of our cook preparing wood for the stove. By 7 o'clock we are each up, and with toilet made are ready for breakfast, which will be on the table by 7.30 sharp, unless something has gone wrong; then it may be 8. Trout, fried and broiled, potatoes, hot rolls, or fried cakes, the best of coffee, and a grateful heart. Now comes the question, Where shall we go to-day? for in fishing, as in hunting, if one would have game it must be sought. Little comes in this life without careful search and persistent effort. Life, in every sense, is a grand hunt, and he succeeds who is the best hunter. Another lesson

impressed upon us here is, that hunger is the great stimulus to exertion. Various points are scientifically discussed. "Which way will the wind be to-day?" Trout will not take hold sharp in an east or northeast wind. In the absence of a bulletin from the Smithsonian Institute, we consult "Old Prob's" representatives here, for his outposts are established in all places. "How are the loons moving this morning?" for their loud "Ho-ho-ho" indicates high wind before night. "Working up into the upper lake," says S., who has been watching them for some time, hoping for a shot from his rifle. Then we shall have the wind from that quarter, as these old habits of these wilds know more than we do about these meteorological matters, and look out to have the windward gauge, and not to be found upon a lee shore.

Then we decide to follow the loons, and go to the upper end of the lake to the "Lava-beds," the "Bluffs," and close by a little "fly-fishing" at sundown at the "Lily-pads." We now drop killick, try awhile, then haul up, and off to another spot, and so wear away the day, with varying success. We are here too early, or too late, as trout do not take the hook in hot weather. A trout revels in cold water, and now they are in the deepest water to be found, and the problem is to find that spot. But we get sufficient for our table, and more than this is waste. So our days pass, with a wonderful recuperative power, so unlike the fagging, exhaustive rounds of fashionable watering-places, where so much is taken, and so little given.

It is our last day, and a man is to come for me in the afternoon, as I wish to avoid the hurry of an early start. The boys are up the lake, and here alone I strike my tent and pack my baggage. A little melancholy spreads like a thin mist over my mental horizon. I have been here for four successive years. These mountains, lakes and forest trees are old, familiar friends, and the thought so naturally rises, "Shall I see them ever again?" "My life is in the yellow leaf," and I can see but a short distance into the vast future, and the end must soon come. I sit down upon the bank to wait for the boatman, and the touching lines of the young poetess flash upon me:—

"And I sit and think, when the sunset  
Is flushing river, and lake, and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the waters cold,  
And list for the dip of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch for a gleam of the shadowy sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the unseen shore of the spirit land;  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
So joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The boatman, Death, shall carry me."

## JOTTINGS ON A BUCKBOARD.

FROM CHICOUTIMI, P. Q., TO LAKE ST. JOHN.

BY REV. D. DORCHESTER, D. D.

[Concluded.]

About noon, on the second day, we reached Lake St. John, fifty-four miles by traveled route from Chicoutimi, and nearly on the 49th degree of latitude. This lake is the source of the Saguenay, and itself receives the waters of twelve rivers, some of them quite large. It is thirty miles long, and more than half as wide, but is more shallow than many of the lakes, its depth not exceeding eight fathoms, except in a few places. It was discovered in 1647 by Father Duquesne, the Jesuit missionary, at Tadoussac. It abounds in pike and the winninish, or northern charr, a game fish, whose pink meat is considered a greater delicacy than the brook trout or salmon. Twenty-five years ago there were no settlements around this lake, except the posts of the Hudson Bay Company; now there are several villages, the chief of which are Roberval, Rivière à l'Ours, and St. Jerome. At Metabetchuan, the point where we first touched the lake, a Catholic mission was founded two centuries ago, and somewhat later a post of the Hudson Bay Company.

Here, favored with a letter of introduction, we made the acquaintance of Mr. Newton Flannegan, the gentlemanly and intelligent officer in charge of the post, who hospitably entertained us, and gave us much valuable information. Until recently

the Hudson Bay Company had posts at Chicoutimi, at this point, and at Point Blue, twenty-one miles to the northwest, on this lake. The gradual decline of the fur business led to the abandonment of the post at Chicoutimi, five years ago; and, very soon, only the post at Point Blue will remain, Mr. Flannegan being about to remove to that place. The supply of beaver, the most valuable of their furs, is very rapidly decreasing; the bear, however, maintains the fight against the march of civilization more successfully. But the company still has a large business, with numerous posts all over the vast regions of the British Dominion, to the far north and west, employing a capital amounting to eight millions of dollars, with a yearly trade of about five millions of dollars.

Leaving Metabetchuan, we crossed a ferry, and after a few miles over a small peninsula, came to the west shore of the Lake St. John, where a magnificent view broke upon our vision. A long stretch of beautiful, fertile, well-cultivated fields, smooth, and uniformly fenced, gently rise from the lake, extending back several miles, to a range of low mountains in the rear. A succession of the better class of log-houses and barns, most of the latter from forty to eighty feet in length, and some from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet long, studded the scene, with intervals between, no longer than in many farming districts in Massachusetts. Wheat, oats, barley and peas are raised here in large quantities, and some buckwheat and potatoes. At this northerly point, on the forty-eighth and a half degree of latitude, fields of barley were in course of reaping on the third day of August. The wheat was two or three weeks later, being sown in the spring. In a few front yards we saw cultivated flowers—double geraniums, and petunias, and large pansies—in full bloom.

On our left, less than two miles away, were the beautiful Wahtchouan Falls, about 180 feet high, whose waters come from a lake, wonderfully abounding in trout, in the mountain solitudes beyond. The roar of the falls attracted our attention before they came in sight. In the spring, the rush of waters down the declivity is immense, and the sound is heard many miles away. We paused here, on our return, and caught some excellent trout, just at the foot of the falls, and enjoyed the grand sight. Trout are plentiful in this region, in lake Kenoganie, Cross lake, lake of the Dead-man's Skull, lake Vert, lake Tinogomichie, lake Metabetchuan, and their streams, leading either into Lake St. John or into the river Chicoutimi. The upper fords and rapids of the Saguenay and Lake St. John afford excellent fishing.

Night overtook us in the parish of Roberval, and we found accommodations in the spacious house of M. Menard, a wealthy French Canadian trader and farmer. A sharp man of business, he has large possessions. His female employees were milking a herd of twenty cows, and everything indicated thrift. His house, the inevitable log-house, but modernized, was of two stories, with a French roof and double windows, covered outside with two-inch matched plank painted white, and on the inside plastered, hard finished and painted. It was large, roomy, and altogether respectable, the most aristocratic and neat of any beyond Chicoutimi, except the residence of Mr. Flannegan at the Hudson Bay post.

The next morning we started early, and passed to the northwest, across the Indian Reservation, to the summit of a lofty elevation overlooking the parish of St. Prime—a broad, fertile, undulating plain, with a slight sprinkling of trees. About nine miles distant was the parish church, and beyond, for many miles, probably twenty or more, extended the vast plain in which other parishes have been laid out. Far to the right, at the north of Lake St. John, is an immense area, estimated by Mr. Dumais, the government surveyor, whom we met, at two millions of acres, on a southerly sloping plateau, quite equal, for agricultural purposes, to any land in Lower Canada, and especially suited to wheat and other grain. This tract is just above the 49th degree of

latitude, and is wholly unsettled, but it cannot long remain so. Count Foucault, a rich Parisian, Claudio Janet, a Frenchman of large business experience, Judge Routhier, of Quebec, and Père Lacosse, an Oblate priest, have just inspected this region, spending the night before my arrival at the house of M. Menard. They were enthusiastic in their admiration of the country, too sanguinely, perhaps, predicting that it must become the future granary of the Province of Quebec. The French Count and his companion hastened back to Rimouski to take the steamer to France, that they might at once promote schemes for its colonization.

The extreme northern position of this locality will make the grain crop somewhat uncertain. Nevertheless, isothermal lines do not run in straight parallels, but are governed by other influences than nearness to the equator. The great region of northern Manitoba, for instance, reaching to the 50th degree, is warmer than some regions much further south; and it has become a matter of definite registry, in the records of temperature long kept at the posts of the Hudson Bay Company, that in the vast region from Chicoutimi to the north line of these two millions of acres of unsettled land, extending about one hundred miles north, the average summer temperature ranges from 55 to 60 degrees, and the winter temperature fifteen degrees, above zero.

On the Indian Reservation, at Point Blue, is the post of the Hudson Bay Company to which we have referred; and hard by are about forty Indian families, with a Roman Catholic chapel, school, etc. These Indians remain about stationary in numbers. They are the Bull Heads, so called from their large, broad, thick heads; the Abenakis, a relic of the tribe formerly south of the St. Lawrence and in Maine; and the Mountaineers. Their morals are said to be not bad, whiskey-drinking being prevented by the government. For some years they have been under the supervision of a government agent, and the penalty for selling or giving liquors to them is very severe—a fine of \$500 for the first offense, and for the second imprisonment. They are not industrious, but depend almost wholly upon the government.

But the Indian will soon wholly disappear. These forty families are all that remain in a vast region. The Roman Catholics have their eyes upon this broad northern domain, and are fast filling it. It is their only chance within the Province of Quebec to extend their church and to make up for their relative losses elsewhere. But, even here, a silent influence is slowly but steadily working against them, and destined, in due time, to give them trouble. Hundreds would break loose from their allegiance if they had sufficient courage. They wait for the way to be prepared. By profound strategy Providence will hasten the day. Colonization from France cannot save them. Frenchmen are specialists, and wholly unadapted to this region. The early French colonies in Canada, planted two hundred and fifty years and more ago, grew very slowly. At the time of the cession of the country to Great Britain, in 1763, more than one hundred and fifty years after the settlements founded by Champlain, in all Canada, east and west, there were less than seventy thousand inhabitants, while the colonies within the United States exceeded two and a half millions. Frenchmen never have been very successful colonists, and especially has this been true during the present century. Within a few years, a colony from France was established in Canada, just above Moosehead Lake, and failed, sinking sixty thousand dollars in the undertaking; a Quebec auctioneer, from whom I had the full details, closing up the concern.

The Canadian Frenchman will succeed better in this region, for he is well adapted to it by acclimation, habit and long training; and, besides, in a small way, he is a sort of universal crooked knife, he can make most of the articles he needs. The priests are promoting the settlement of this region from other parts of this Province, and these fifteen millions of acres in the country of Chicoutimi, now only partly occupied, are destined to fall, and for a long time remain, under the influence of the Roman Catholic Church.













## THE WEEK.

## DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, Sept. 14.

Dr. Elliot, superintendent of schools in this city, has resigned.

The steamer Stonington has been attached for suits at law for damages on account of the Narragansett disaster.

Jennie A. Eaton, who was injured on the Fitchburg railroad at Shirley, has recovered from the corporation \$11,950.

The number of voters in this city, as indicated by the voting lists, is 87,312.

An infernal machine containing four pounds of dynamite was discovered under a rail of the London and Northwestern line near Euston, England, yesterday.

Wednesday, Sept. 15.

The village of Waltham, Washington Territory, was nearly destroyed by fire Monday night; loss over \$150,000.

Fourteen female missionaries (Presbyterian) have been sent to Mormondom.

The international fleet at Ragusa now numbers twenty vessels, manned by 7,300 men. Turkey will not resist the occupation of Dulcigno by the Montenegrins.

Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson, of Confederate fame, is dead.

Thursday, Sept. 16.

Prince Bismarck has been appointed Prussian minister of trade and commerce.

The Society Islands have been annexed to France.

The town of Milford, Mass., has granted a location for an elevated railway in that town.

Work on the Cape Cod canal will be prosecuted vigorously.

Friday, Sept. 17.

The indications from Maine are that Gov. Davis is re-elected by a plurality of 300.

The German government has ordered the expulsion of French Jesuits who emigrated to Alsace, Lorraine.

The New Hampshire prohibitionists have nominated George D. Dodge, of Hampton Falls, for governor.

Mayor Prince gave a reception last night at Faneuil Hall at which addresses were made by Secretary of State Evans, Attorney General Devens, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop and others.

A sulphur explosion occurred yesterday in Kohinor colliery, Shenandoah, Pa., severely burning several men.

Saturday, Sept. 18.

The 25th anniversary of the settlement of Boston was appropriately celebrated yesterday with military and civic processions, an address by Mayor Prince, and various festivities.

The soldiers' monument at Antietam was unveiled yesterday with imposing ceremonies.

One of the buildings of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company at Bridgeport, Conn., was blown to pieces yesterday by an explosion, and five persons killed.

Senator Conkling gave a powerful address on political issues at the New York Academy of Music last night.

Nine men were killed in a Nevada mine on Thursday night by the breaking of a rope.

Monday, Sept. 20.

The legislature of Buenos Ayres was dispersed at the point of the bayonet by the national troops on the 21st ult.

The steamship Aurora from Oporto for Southampton has been lost at sea and fifty persons were drowned.

Eight thousand Albanian troops have occupied Dulcigno. The naval demonstration has been postponed until the Christian population have the town.

The French ministry have failed to harmonize on the question of the religious decrees. M. de Freycinet has resigned the premiership, and M. Jules Ferry has been entrusted with the formation of a new cabinet.

Ex-United States Senator Lafayette S. Foster died in Norwich, Conn., yesterday, at the age of 74.

Nearly one-half of the business portion of the town of East Vegas, Col., was burned on Saturday; loss, \$200,000.

A mob of miners in Corning, Ohio, who tried to drive some colored workmen from the mines, were fired upon by a guard of State troops on Saturday, and nine or ten wounded.

## RHODE ISLAND.

Providence. — The Preachers' Meeting on the 13th inst., was favored with a good attendance, who enjoyed the able paper of Rev. D. A. Jordan on "Miracles." A spirited discussion followed, participated in by Bros. Seavey, Whedon and others.

Our aged brother, Rev. J. E. Risley, formerly a member of the New England Conference, now holding a local relation, has met with a severe affliction in the loss of his wife, whose removal by death has left him alone and desolate. The funeral services were held on Monday, the 13th, a delegation from the Preachers' Meeting being appointed to attend.

The lecture by Ram Chandra Bose in the Mathewson St. Church, on Friday evening, the 10th, on "Results of Mission Work in India," will long be remembered by the delighted audience who were favored with listening to him. It can be proved an inspiration to missionary interest and missionary giving.

Other union missionary meetings addressed by distinguished speakers are contemplated some time during the autumn.

The union quarterly conference on the evening of the 13th, was notwithstanding the storm, largely attended. Encouraging reports concerning the spiritual and financial condition of the churches were presented, and there was a spiritual discussion of measures looking to union aggressive revival work.

Providence wonderfully by needs has left his home desolate. The funeral services were held on Monday, the 13th, a delegation from the Preachers' Meeting being appointed to attend.

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Other union missionary meetings addressed by distinguished speakers are contemplated some time during the autumn.

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## PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE.

It is to be hoped that preachers and people will read the article in the HERALD of Sept. 2, by Rev. J. Collins, on "The Way to Victory." We are swinging too far over to the easy-going theology, while "hell is moved from beneath" in waiting for its victims.

Bro. A. L. Dearing is afflicted by the sudden death of his estimable companion, Sister C. Dearing.

One was baptized and three received by letter in Asbury Church, Providence, Sunday, Sept. 5. This church has added ten from probation and nine by letter during the summer. Every social meeting is well sustained and some are seeking the Lord.

The lovers of the sanctity of the Sabbath were grieved to see a notice that a band from Providence would go from Providence to Martha's Vineyard, Sunday, Sept. 5, and give a sacred concert in the Tabernacle Sunday evening. This was given in some papers as an inducement to make the Sunday trip. Of course this looked like a tremendous downward jump from the efforts and spirit of the camp-meeting just closed, and gave the enemies of the meeting and of the Sabbath occasion for foolish joy. But the fact is, no such concert was to be held. The president of the Camp-meeting Association and the agent of the ground were approached in regard to the matter, and both gave a decided negative answer. It is due to these brethren and to the Association that the public know this, and that the announcement was, as is sometimes said, "a put-up job" to entice dollars from the pockets of easy-going moralists who could go on a Sunday excursion if they could take a sacred (?) concert at the same time.

It is hoped and believed that the Sabbath will be sanctified in Cottage City despite whiskey-vendors and godless corporations. Let every good man and woman encourage the town authorities and the respectable and moral people who make that locality their summer home.

## W. F. M. S.

The quarterly meeting of the New England Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held in the vestry of the Bromfield St. M. E. Church on Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 2 o'clock. The meeting opened with singing and reading of the Scriptures, and prayer by Mrs. C. L. Eastman. The treasurer's report showed the receipts of the last three months to be \$1,177.77, disbursements, \$83,177.73; bequest from Miss Hannah P. Murry, of Medford, \$200; \$314.93 from Mrs. Mary P. Morrison, of Bristol, R. I., from money entrusted to her by Mrs. Bentley, of Norwich, to be expended by the N. E. branch in the erection of a hall in Yokohama, Japan, to be called the Bentley Hall.

The corresponding secretary's report showed successful work done by the various camp-meeting auxiliaries, \$720.47 having been contributed — a more satisfactory or inspiring result never having been attained in these directions. The work at Yokohama was spoken of as encouraging. In response to the call from North China for more help, two missionaries, one for Peking and one for Tientsin, are to sail from San Francisco, Oct. 19. The work in Mexico was spoken of as being most successful; the new work at Miraflores being particularly prosperous. This is supported by the N. E. Branch, by an appropriation of \$258.62. Reports were read from the New England, Vermont, Providence and New York East Conferences.

An address was then given by Miss Blackman, a returned missionary, from Lucknow, India. She spoke particularly of the zenana work, her manner of access to the women in their homes, methods of teaching, and of her success, all of which was exceedingly interesting. Rev. Wm. Yates was introduced, and spoke of the value and necessity of the work of the women in India, as a valuable aid in preparing for the work of the other societies among the men. Miss Yates was then presented to the Branch, as a missionary candidate for the North China work, and one of those who depart in October. Miss Yates gave a brief address. The meeting closed with singing and benediction by Mr. Taylor.

## CAMP-MEETINGS.

EAST MACHIAS, ME.

The annual session of this meeting, which has just closed, was one of much interest and profit to God's cause in this section of our State. The services began Monday evening, Aug. 30, with a social meeting at the stand. An earnest Christian spirit was manifested among ministers and people, and the power of the Holy Ghost was imparted in answer to prayer. Much vigilance was shown in securing time for social meetings in the various sections, in which earnest work was done for Christ. The testimonies of Christians at the love-feasts evinced an intelligent piety and gave promise of future revivals in the churches.

This camp-meeting is, especially, represented by the charges of Bucksport district. It was under the very efficient management of Presiding Elder L. D. Wardwell of said district, assisted by some twenty pastors. Services were preached during the meeting by Revs. Gardner, Meservey, Wilkins, Lockhart, Williams, Robinson, Alexander, Brown, Mills, Biram, Baldwin and Duntun. God held His servants in the public proclamation of His truth. The church was advanced in Christian zeal, wanderers reclaimed, and sinners saved.

A sad telegram came to the grove on Wednesday, namely, that dear Sister Hannah, the wife of our active pastor at Houlton, had passed away from earth. She has been a patient sufferer for many months, and peacefully her pure and friendly spirit ascended the heavens to be forever with the Lord. Her kindred residing near this place, the funeral services were held at East Machias, and were conducted by Brother Wardwell and other brethren. May God greatly comfort the mourners!

We broke camp on Saturday morning and returned homeward for the further pursuance of Christian labor. East Machias camp-meeting has in it very much of genuine and primitive excellence. It is not a watering-place; the great attraction is that of divine worship; the grove is beautiful, and the weather has been delightful. We have an efficient board of trustees — laymen — who love the church and are devising liberal things for the future. Praise God for camp-meetings! May they be honored of God, more and more, in the conquest of this world to Christ!

## W. L. BROWN.

WILMOT, N. H.

This camp-meeting was held Sept. 6-12. The cool, cloudy weather may have prevented some from coming to this romantic enclosure, but in no wise detracted from the comfort or convenience of those who were present. The number in attendance each day corresponded very nearly with that of last year. As with most other assemblies of this kind, Thursday was the great day of the feast.

The preaching, with the exception of one sermon by Prof. S. E. Quimby, of Tilton Seminary, was done by ministers belonging to the Claremont district, and was pure, pungent

and practical. The general deportment of the entire encampment was such as becomes the house of God, nothing occurring to disturb the worship in the least. This is largely due to the efficient management of the presiding officers and the excellent service of the police force on duty. The singing was rendered in good time and taste with the aid of a fine organ, for the gratuitous use of which thanks are voted to the Wilmot society.

This closes the term of Elder Judkins' official relations to this meeting, over which he has presided with marked effect for four years. He bade farewell to his associates in this work in a few well-chosen, pathetic words, which were listened to with tearful interest by those who have shared with him the burdens and blessings of this enterprise during his administration. May the divine benediction attend him and all others who met for the last time under these circumstances, until we all meet again for worship and for work in the paradise of God!

A. F. BAXTER.

## MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY.

The following extract from a letter of our old friend, Rev. A. J. Church, once pastor of the church at Kent's Hill, now of Williamstown, Conn., expresses the feelings of many, now in other fields of labor, who once were in close relation to our noble Seminary: "I thank you for the good word spoken for Kent's Hill. You have done wisely. I will give \$100 of the first \$10,000 secured as an endowment for the centenary year. Put that in your book." The article in the HERALD referred to by Bro. Church was written without authority of the trustees. But the subject deserves the consideration of all friends of the institution. It is hoped that measures may soon be adopted to bring the subject, with proper authority, before the attention of the people. There are men of wealth in every church who might make such an enterprise an assured success.

S. ALLEN.

[The attention of our readers is called to the reports of the camp-meetings on the 7th and 8th insts. A few have reached us too late for the present issue, but will appear next week.]

Among new advertisements attention of our readers is called to that of Messrs. Moses Pond & Co. This is a first-class house, and persons wishing for goods in bulk and in small quantities find it their advantage to make them a call.

Unfermented Canadian barley malt and fresh hops are the ingredients of Malt Bitters.

An old lady writes us: "I am 65 years old and was feeble and nervous all the time, when I bought a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic. I have used a little more than one bottle and feel as well as at 30, and am sure that hundreds need just such a medicine." See advertisement.

Many lose their beauty from the hair falling or fading. Parker's Hair Balsam supplies necessary nourishment, prevents falling and grayness and is an elegant dressing.

Everybody who has used it speaks in its praise — Adamson's Cough Balsam.

The A. S. T. Co.'s Black Tip for children's shoes, advertised in another column, will be found to wear as long as the metal, and add to the beauty of the finest shoe. Parents who have tried them will have no other.

CONCORD DISTRICT APPOINTMENTS, as fixed by the District Synods:

Concord, First Church, \$10.00  
Bethlehem, 40.00  
Chichester, 22.00  
Colbrook, 30.00  
E. Haverhill, 12.00  
Fisherville, 42.00  
Franklin, 30.00  
Gilmanston, 28.00  
Groveton, 15.00  
Gifford, 20.00  
Haverhill, 16.00  
Jefferson, 23.00  
Lacota, 42.00  
Lancaster, 55.00  
Landaff, 30.00  
Lisbon, 30.00  
Littleton, 42.00  
Lyman, 14.00  
Manchester, First Church, 25.00  
St. Paul's, 75.00  
Taherac, 42.00  
Moultonboro', 20.00  
No. Haverhill, 25.00  
No. Moore, 14.00  
Piermont, 18.00  
Pittsburg, 15.00  
Plymouth, 23.00  
Roxbury, 14.00  
Sandwich, 16.00  
Stratford, 16.00  
Suncook, 56.00  
St. Columba, 15.00  
Stark, 24.00  
Tilton, 32.00  
Warren, 25.00  
Whitefield, 38.00  
E. Sanbornton, 8.00  
Switzwater and Benton, 16.00

[The appointments of Portland and Bucksport districts for the Presiding Elders will appear next week.]

## Deaths.

In Plattsburgh, N. Y., Sunday morning, Sept. 12, of quick consumption, M. Annie Griffin Moore, wife of Rev. J. E. Griffin, M. E. of Saratoga district, 1700 Conference, aged 22 years, 6 months and 3 days.

## BOOKS!

Just Purchased of Book Publishers,

OVER 9000 CHOICE BOOKS

Of Sterling Value in every family, well assorted, mostly new publications. Prices all from \$6.00 down to 4 cents each.

Our price will be found One-Third Cheaper than dealers are selling the same article.

A surprisingly large collection, which we sell cheap, at

55 TREMONT STREET, 5 BEACON STREET, 24 & 25 FLEMING ST. BOSTON.

HOUGHTON & DUTTON'S.

S. S. KNAPP, Miscellaneous Readings, WITH Artists' Guild Bureau, 158 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

DR. DIO LEWIS' SANITARIUM, for the treatment of invalids; opens under the happy auspices. For circular address call upon Dr. L. at 17 Beacon St., Boston.

Use Sterling Chemical Wick in lamps and oil stoves. Cheap, brilliant, no dirt or trimming

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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## PROF. EDISON'S POLYFORM.

After much persuasion, Prof. Edison has been prevailed upon to give to the world his truly wonderful discovery for alleviating pain. For years he has suffered from rheumatic pain, unable to find any remedy among the hundreds which he tried that would give him permanent ease. Finally he became convinced that he must become his own physician and seek, by experiment, for the desired relief. He had taken all the well-known sedatives, which gave only temporary relief, and produced nervousness, loss of appetite, etc. He now sought for a combination of such remedies as would, by outward application, cure him of his distress and at the same time be injurious to his system.

Trials and experiments followed this determination until he at last produced a compound which, by application, entirely subdued all pain and allowed his system to recuperate, and throw off the disease.

To his discovery Prof. Edison gave the name POLYFORM.

Gratified with the result upon himself, he tested his discovery upon others who suffered from nervous pain, and in every case the relief was perfect.